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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, *February* 12, 1803.

The History of Perourou;

OR,

THE BELLOWS MENDER.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[*Translated from the French.*]

(CONCLUDED.)

IT was with some concern I heard all these pieces of information. During the four years I had lived in the capital, my constant endeavours to acquire a fortune that might enable me to reclaim the sole object of my labours, had employed all my thoughts. But my stay at Lyons, and the unsuspected evidence of all who mentioned Aurora, awakened those sentiments of affection which were still latent in my heart. The image of a woman whom I had deceived, and yet adored, was perpetually presenting itself to my imagination; a new ardour of affection inspired me, and I no longer considered my wealth as valuable, unless it was to be divided with another. And my infant!—was I never to clasp him in my arms? never to reciprocate the tender caresses of the being that owed its existence to me, or experience that paternal fondness to which I was yet a stranger, but of which my heart felt all the charms. I could no longer endure those cutting reflections, and determined instantly to see Aurora and my boy. One of the engravers, by my orders, got together the creditors of Aurora's father, and paid off all their demands. I likewise enjoined him to repurchase some particular articles which had been sold, and which from long usage were much valued by Aurora; and this commission he found not difficult to execute.

The banker, who had given me so satisfactory an account of my wife, was a man in very general estimation. Him I determined to make my confidant, and to let him into all my views and designs. I knew that his name of itself would be sufficient to surmount every obstacle that might lie in my way. He had an elegant country seat on the romantic shores of the Rhine. I requested an interview with him in some retired place, and having obtained his promise of inviolable secrecy,——"Until this moment, said I, you have seen in me nothing more than a merchant who is indebted for his well-earned fortune to his talents and probity alone. My fate has obliged me to assume a sort of disguise, to conceal myself from those whose esteem I most value. I have deceived a worthy woman; you are acquainted with one half of my history, and it is necessary the remainder should be disclosed. You behold in me that unfortunate bellows-mender, who was selected by a set of young rakes as the instrument of their resentment——" At this unexpected disclosure, my friend seemed struck with surprise, and it was easy for me to read in his countenance the agitation of his mind. "I am indebted to nature, continued I, for some qualities which reflection and education have expanded. The generosity of my friends, and accident together, have done the rest. You have spoken to me of Aurora with approbation; I am on the point of leaving Lyons, but I assure you that I will not quit it without her. My good friend, you enjoy the esteem and confidence of the public, become mediator, and I will stand indebted to you for the happiness of the rest of my life."

When my friend had recovered from his surprize, he assured me he had no doubt but the reconciliation I had so ardently desired might readily be brought about. I am honoured, added he, with the friendship of the Abbess of the convent in which your wife resides. It is the proper hour, and we are near the city, let us push on our horses, and we shall soon be able to settle those difficulties with Aurora, in person, which oppose your re-union.—I agreed to all he said, and was now as eager for an interview as I had once been to get away from her; and I felt an eager desire to see and embrace my son.

We were announced at the gate of the convent, the banker under his real name, and myself as one of the first merchants of Paris. We were admitted. What a scene was presented to my eyes! Aurora, the the charming Aurora, in all the effulgence of beauty, was seated by the venerable Abbess. A child, or rather a Cupid, was reposing on her lap, and seemed so wholly to engage the attention of his mother, that she hardly returned our salutation in the usual terms of civility. The instant she cast her eyes upon me, I perceived, by her suddenly starting up, that my presence recalled certain disagreeable ideas to her mind; but, being introduced by a man whom she knew, and presented to her as the head of one of the first houses of trade in Paris, all suspicion vanished as the evening came on, and Aurora was far from recognizing her husband in the opulent stranger. My friend began the conversation with some vague remarks relative to my speedy departure, dwelt on the extent of my commercial connexions, and asked the Abbess if she had not some orders for me to execute in the capital. While he was speaking, the infant awoke, and the sight of a stranger, instead of occasioning surprise or alarm, made him smile. After attentively looking on us both, as if deter-

mined which of the two to commence acquaintance with, he came towards me. O, reader, only imagine to yourself my thoughts, my feelings, when I received the tender embraces, and the delicious kisses of my boy.—An irresistible transport of joy impelled me to clasp him in my arms, and kneel with him at the feet of my wife. Pale and trembling, I exclaimed, "Aurora, Aurora, your child, your son asks forgiveness for his father!"—While I spoke these words with a faltering tongue, Aurora grasped the child in her arms. She viewed us with inexpressible concern, and seemed sinking under the conflict. The Abbess supported her; she revived; the infant clung to her, and endeavoured as it were to soften her into forgiveness. At length a torrent of tears drowned the face of Aurora. The child not being able to account for his mother's crying, added his plaintive moans to the emotions of my heart. "Pardon, pardon, (exclaimed I,) you must forgive me, Aurora!"—She answered me by throwing herself into my arms. "I cannot tell, (said she) whether you mean to deceive me once more or not; but your child pleads too strongly in your favour for deception to exist. From this day you may consider your wife as your own." She pressed me to her beating heart, and we remained a few minutes without the power of utterance. The transports of our joy, the caresses of the child, the tears of my friend, and the place itself we were in, seemed to heighten the extacy. "My children, (said the Abbess, casting the moist eye of sensibility upon us) you have both done your duty.—The gentleman betrays too many emotions to be an imposter; and maternal affection is too strong in Aurora, henceforward to render her subservient to inordinate pride. And may the union you have renewed in so feeling a manner in my presence, be happier, far happier than the first. May you long enjoy that felicity which virtue alone can render durable."

These words, spoken in a calm and dignified manner, assuaged the tumult of our souls. I then entered into the particulars of my various adventures, and forgot not to tell my faults or the remorse that attended them. I remarked that the hand of Aurora frequently pressed mine, whenever I talked of those various schemes which my fondness for her induced me to contrive; but she seemed wholly indifferent whenever I mentioned the riches I had acquired. The part of my story which touched her the most, was, my paying her father's debts, and my care to redeem from his creditors such little matters as she had most valued from her infancy. My friend solemnized our new union with a brilliant entertainment. Adjacent to his house stood another, which altho' not so large, was in a most enchanting situation. The owner having died a short time before, the heirs had advertised it for sale. A word that escaped from Aurora gave me to know that the possession of it would be agreeable to her. I, therefore, made the purchase in her name, and within twenty-four hours afterwards I put the deed into her hands, which made it her own.

I then returned to Paris with my wife and child. Whether it was that she still retained her old loftiness of mind, or real goodness of spirit, she shewed no surprise when I introduced her to a stately house furnished in the first style, and offering the greatest magnificence to her view. I knew that misfortune had had a happy influence upon her opinions, and I saw myself beloved by the object of all my tenderest regards.

A year had come round in this happy situation of life, when Aurora one day came into my room, her eyes sparkling with joy, and said, "My friend, surely you will not refuse your wife's invitation. I wish you to make a dinner in my house at Lyons."—There was no objection on my part,—"I will set out, (said I) this very morning with my son, as I wish to instruct him to do the honours of the house to his father."

I did not fail to be there at the time appointed. The day was fixed for the entertainment. Aurora had, to all the elegance of beauty, a finer dress than ordinary. Dinner was announced:—judge what must have been my surprise, when, taking me by the hand, and conducting me into an apartment which had been decorated by the Graces themselves, she pointed out to me among the guests, my ten friends sitting together, my earliest protectors, the authors of my fortune, my marriage, my happiness. It is impossible for me to convey the sensations I experienced during this repast, at which the amiable gaiety of my wife gave pleasure to all our guests.

After dinner she introduced us to the apartment she intended for me. Having touched a small spring-lock, we saw a curtain draw up, and two pictures of exquisite workmanship were exhibited. We examined them. "A divine, enchanting woman!" exclaimed my friends at the same instant with myself. One of these pictures represented the poor village near Montelimart. I was prostrate before Aurora, who was pushing me from her with disdain, and glancing a look of contempt on the engraver who officiated as coachman. Under was written "LOVE CONQUERED BY PRIDE." The second drawing represented the scene of the present occasion—my ten friends at table, with Aurora seated between her happy husband, and the engraver whose addresses she had rejected; while she seemed to smile alike on both. Beneath was this motto, "PRIDE CONQUERED BY LOVE."

Here ends my story, or rather my adventures. It is easier for me to feel and enjoy my happiness than to describe it. Aurora has made me the father of three other children, and insisted that the first should have the engraver for godfather. This worthy man is also happy; he is united to a charming woman, well known at Lyons by the care she took to give her only daughter a good education. Aurora has assured me she cannot be perfectly happy until this amiable young lady has a right to call her mother; and what is very singular, my son seems willing to accede thereto.

ON CONVERSATION.

(CONCLUDED.)

The common conversation of mankind is too frequently a composition of raillery, buffoonery, silly expressions, impropriety, and incorrectness; and to make it coherent, requires a restraint which but few acquire. It would be well, therefore, to cultivate the requisites of a wise and decent conversation, and avoid that vagrancy of mind which sometimes betrays even sensible men into a lavish, mean converse, so unlike their understandings, so unbecoming their years, so repugnant to their own feelings and experience, and so degrading to their own native respectability. When a man is in company he should consider *where he is*, and *with whom*, and *what he is himself*. He should also consider whether he is informed or not, with respect to the present topic of conversation—if he is not prepared, a significant attention, occasional assent, and a word now and then, will acquit him of ignorance.

The freedom and unreservedness of conversation ought always to be regulated by the company, hence we ought to consider with whom we sit—if they are strangers or intimates, superiors or inferiors, wise men or fools. With strangers let us be cautious, with intimates easy, with superiors guarded and reserved, short answers and no questions, with our inferiors condescending, with wise men, such as wise men expect, to

fools silence, for they *are wise in their own conceit*,—and in your converse with mankind, keep always the material part of your confidence to yourself and they cannot betray you.

Men, according to their temper, their pride, or their humour, deliver their sentiments in conversation—some are hasty, some are haughty, some are perpetually in good humour, and some destroy all rational conversation by loud and foolish laughter, all which require another observation:—therefore, to conduct conversation with propriety and dignity, there must be information and a prudent firmness to deliver it. We should address the company with politeness, hear with respectful silence the sentiments of every individual, and treat no man's opinion with neglect or contempt. We should not roar out horse-laughter by way of ridicule at what others say, because it is contemptible, and bad manners—neither should we laugh at what we say ourselves; if it is worthy of it, let the company take it—laughter is a proof of an empty mind—it is no argument, and there is no reason in it. We ought to avoid positiveness, argument, egotism, and contradiction. We should avoid speaking of ourselves, and setting off our opinions with the emotions of the heart, expressed in frowns and supercilious contortions of our features, and all mimicry and theatrical gestures in speaking or reasoning. We should also avoid affectation, and not take the sentiment out of another man's mouth, and *run him down* by much talking.

Thus I would have all men to conduct themselves with such prudence as the occasion may require—to speak and converse consistently with their endowments, their time of life, their experience and situation;—to distinguish themselves by noble sentiments, an easy address, and a pleasant facility to communicate useful knowledge and general information; and by an habitual deportment of insinuating manners, and a mind delighting to be useful to mankind by its wisdom, and by a conduct exemplary and engaging.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.

Captain Nixon, of the British ship Apollo, has lately discovered a sub-marine grotto on the Malabar coast. It first presented a large bed of coral, almost even with the surface of the water, which afforded one of the most enchanting prospects in nature. Its base was fixed to the shore, and reached in so far that its end could not be seen, which seemed to be suspended in the water, which deepened so suddenly, that, at the distance of a few yards, there might be seven or eight fathoms depth. The sea was at this time quite unruffled, and the sun shining bright, exposed the various sorts of coral in the most baautiful order, some parts branching into the water with great luxuriance, others lying collected in round balls, and in a variety of figures, heightened by spangles of the richest colours, that glowed from a number of large crams, which were every where interspersed. It is to be regretted that a work so stupendously grand should be concealed in a place where mankind can so seldom have an opportunity of contemplating this astonishing scene.

OBSERVATIONS OF WOMEN AND GALLANTRY.

HE who has been loved by a delicate, affectionate, and sensible woman, and one endowed with exquisite sensibility, has enjoyed the most delicious pleasure which life affords.

What greater happiness can the imagination offer to a man than the society of a being whose ambition is to please him, whose pleasure is in a certain resistance, and whose happiness is in yielding, who pretends to his esteem by combating, and to his heart by defeat.

A woman among savages is a beast of burden, in the East a piece of furniture, and in Europe a spoiled child.

Women of gallantry may be thus appreciated: In a hundred there are ninety who are determined by splendour, exterior appearance, fashion, interest, or the want of something to engage their attention; six by by sensibility, and four who are governed bp imperious passions.

The birth and rank of a woman, her connections, acquaintance and magnificence, produce upon most men a greater effect than beauty; they mistake the smoke of vanity for the flame of love.

Interest contains so active and subtile a poison, that affection, the moment it is joined to it, is corrupted, and at length extinguished.

The ardour of sentiment, be it ever so strong, may be encreased by fame, success, and celebrity.

There are women whose supineness and goodness of heart are incompatible with constant rigour. They have neither strength to resist, nor courage to refuse. It cannot be said they yield; they suffer themselves to be prevailed upon.

To separate two metals, the intervention of a third, which has a greater affinity with one of the two, is necessary. The separation of lovers is much upon the same principle. In general there is no complete rupture, but when another object has made an impression either upon the lover or his mistress.

The actor upon the theatre gives an idea of degradation, when we reflect that a man ceases to be himself, takes a character which is not natural to him, adopts sentiments he does not feel, and becomes a machine for the amusement of others. The coquet, like the actor, is in the habitude of changing her own character for one conformable to the momentary part she has to fill. She can imitate the accents of passion, and act the violence of love and ecstasy; she smiles without satisfaction, and sheds tears without being affected; there is not a muscle of her face of which she knows not the effect, or cannot direct the movement. Vicious without excuse; her vanity alone is gratified by the disorder of her conduct; and although there be nothing real in her enjoyments, she is insatiable, and knows not where to stop. She resembles the tub of the Danaides.

EXTRAORDINARY PILGRIMAGE.

Pilgrimages were the devotion of the 16th Century.

A Queen of France, it is supposed Catharine de Medicis, made a vow, that, if some concerns, which she had undertaken, terminated successfully, she would send a pilgrim to Jerusalem, who should walk there, and every three steps he advanced, he should go one back at every third step. It was doubtful whether there could be found a man sufficiently strong to go on foot, and of sufficient patience to go back one step at every third. A citizen of Verberie, however, offered himself, and promised to accomplish the queen's vow most scrupously. The queen accepted his offer, and promised him an adequate recompence. He fulfilled his engagement (as we are informed) with the greatest exactness, of which his pious employer was well assured by constant enquiries!

The citizen, who was a merchant, received on his return, a considerable sum of money, and was ennobled! His coat of arms were a cross and a branch of palm-tree. His descendants preserved the arms; but they degenerated, by continuing the commerce which his ancestors quitted.

[*Nouvelle Histoire du Duche de Valois.*

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

FRAGMENT.

"******WHEN will he return—the youth whom I adore?—Three days have passed since the appointed time, and still he lingers—Haply those wretches who nightly infest the neighbouring forests have way-laid him—methinks I see him pale and low beneath the murderous blade of the fiends of darkness—Away gloomy phantom—why do ye thus corrode my grief-worn soul?—Come, Hope, with thy soothing smiles, and ease my troubled breast.—Blow kindly ye breezes—ye soft dews descend in pearly drops around him.——Thou Moon that shinest in full majesty, lend him thy all-renovating rays to guide him on his way, that he may shortly bless these longing arms!"——

Such were the words of the lovely Shelah Dungaley M'Gukin, as she reclined on her snowy-white arm beneath the shelter of an extended beech.—Her hair hung in loose ringlets, gently waving to the whispering gale, which ever and anon displayed a sweet countenance—engaging—tho' somewhat tinged with sorrow.

From her infancy she had been brought up under the guardianship of a morose uncle, who, tho' rich, wanted those qualities which are necessary for the firmly cementing of the social tye.—He was not beloved, except on account of his riches, which drew many parasites to court his smiles.—Shelah Dungaley M'Gukin had a numerous train of admirers, each of whom strove to out-do the other in attention—but she disregarded all except one, a modest, comely youth, named Killebags O'Blathereot, a captain of infantry. Killebags O'Blathereot had received a polite education—he was master of the *dead languages*, and especially that of the *eyes*—was generous and brave.—The youthful lovers soon conceived the most violent passion for each other—The uncle frowned—for he had in his eye a husband for his neice, whom he tho't most likely to suit one of her inexperience—he was old, sedate and rich.—But the young lovers were not to be thus disappointed—Often they crept along the thorny hedge, when Night veiled the earth with her sable curtain, to seek their quiet spot, the beechen shade, there to pour forth the vows of eternal constancy and love—and also to concert schemes for their future happiness.—But distresses which fall to the lot of all, must soon cut the fine-spun thread of their felicity. He was called upon to join his regiment, which was about marching to the attack of the forces of **** at *****, and by letter had informed her, he would fly with the wings of love to meet her at the favourite spot.—Ill-fated lovers—must the painful sequel of your story be told?—Ah! perchance the big-round drops from the eye of Sensibility may sooth your lingering shades, and the yearly offerings of the sympathetic minds on your hallowed tomb, may waft their early fragrance before you—more to be appreciated than the spicy gales of Araby the blest.——She had just placed in her bosom the picture of her beloved, which was bedewed with tears, when a trampling of horses assaulted her ears—A deadly hue overspread her lovely countenance—Hope and fear successively had the ascendancy in her breast——At length she commanded sufficient courage to go to the highway, from whence the sounds proceeded, to demand tidings from the army——But what pen can describe her anguish on beholding, instead of a courier, a baggage-waggon with wounded, and amongst the rest her adorable Killebags O'Blathereot—with a violent scream she fell motionless to the earth—remedies were immediately administered to restore her lost senses; when wildly opening her blue eyes, she sprung from the ground, and flew to the waggon which held all that was to her dear——But the heart-rending pangs, on both sides, were of short duration—in a few moments the amiable Shelah Dungaley M'Gukin, and the accomplished Killebags O'Blathereot expired in each other's arms.

O.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

SEEING in your last number that your correspondent Sciolus has had to sustain the attacks of no less than four philosophers, or mathematicians, or whatever you may please to call them; I cannot refrain interfering in this seemingly unequal contest: not that I am afraid in the least of his finally beating them all off the ground; but lest, while the contention lasts, they *proverbly* maul him with their uncouth weapons, and irritate him to do what they will be sorry for afterwards. Poor Sciolus! was it not cruel, as well as cowardly, for four clumsy-fisted fellows to fall upon him all at once? and what was it for? I would be glad to know. Was it for his kindness in answering their knotty questions forsooth? Indeed they ought to thank him, and not treat him in this shameful manner; but I warrant you he can take his own part by and bye. But they pretend he has not answered their foolish questions *right*.—What then? has he not done the best he could? and can any man do more? But because he was a little smart I suppose, in telling W. C. that "he was every inch a seaman," and proposing a voyage to the moon, which W. C. cannot answer, he is very angry; and instead of acknowledging his ignorance, he refers him to *Newton's Precipice!* This shews his ignorance clearly, for who ever heard of *Newton's Precipice* before? And as for T. D. I am sure Sciolus gave him pretty answers enough, and told him at the time, that his questions had been answered a *thousand times!* so that T. D. must have been a blockhead indeed, if he has never seen *one* of them. I think he need not make such a fuss about *his* questions; what would he have more?—when he is told that all bodies *mutably* tend towards each other: this is plain enough for any body to understand; and why make such a pother about *second causes*, and ask for reasons of things that happen, which no reason can be assigned for? If I was Sciolus, I would give them all a douser, and ask them a question that none of them can give a reason for: I would ask them what supports the sky for so many thousand years, and what would be the consequence if it was to fall? And as for N. M——, I would ask him how many miles it is to the sky? this would stop his mouth at once. I am glad *Skiclus* has already sent W. C. with a commission to the moon; and *Kitty Carus*, I would ask her a question in trigonometry; how many sides has a right-angled circle? this I believe would puzzle her too.

Please, Mr. Hogan, publish this for the encouragement of *Skiolus*, and he will soon throw them all on their backs as flat as flounders; because I know as how he knows all about these things, by his manner of writing his answers; indeed he tells them all plainly that they are all ignoramuses (when compared with him) in the science of *Matthew Matticks*.

With due respect, Sir, I remain your very humble servant, and a friend to

MODEST MERIT.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

Criticarius says there is an error in *Sciolus'* solution to D. Smith's question—let us try;—the square of 10, 7963 (true to four places of decimals,) is 116, 5600; and the sum of the squares of 10, 0463 and 3, 9537

is 116,5598, differing from the former by ,0002=$\frac{1}{5000}$; which difference arises *wholly* from the sides being incommensurable to one another.—*Blush, Ignoramus, blush!*

DETECTER.

P. S. As for W. C. *He* has explained *himself* so well to the public, as to *need* no comment, and Mr. M—— seems so much devoted to Authorities, that he is *bulwark against common sense.*

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A Dream,

Occassioned by reading the last No. of the Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

HAVING read your Repository of Saturday last, I could not help reflecting on the folly of mankind; for, it appeared evident to me, that the one half of the world would rather the other half should remain in ignorance, than be thought as wise as themselves.

With this reflection in my mind, and a train of others that succeeded, I retired to rest, and on falling asleep imagined myself to be looking at your Repository, which lay on a stand in the opposite corner of the room.

To my great surprize, the paper began to assume a new form, and after several transmutations, appeared to my imagination in the likeness of a procession. The first that advanced I knew at sight to be your philosophic correspondent, T. D. His baggage consisted of a large number of offensive implements, such as hammers, pincers, sledges, crow-bars, &c. &c; he had also, on a cart drawn by an old blind horse, something resembling a battering ram. He marched up with flying colours to the front of a large and beautiful Edifice, which, I understood, he intended to demolish; but having surveyed some of the outworks (for the principal part he could not discern, being naturally near-sighted,) he seemed at a loss to know where to begin the attack. I was, also, informed by a bystander, that this Don Quixote had not determined what kind of building he would erect on the ruins, supposing he should succeed in his undertaking, which very much doubting, I turned to see who next advanced,—and was surprised to recognise Mr. M—— "in all the majesty of mind," having recently experienced a severe fall from his hobby. He advanced with a oak-staff in one hand, and a very large folio full of X's and Y's in the other. He was evidently in a very bad humour, for he would scarcely tell what he wanted or where he was going. When his sullen fit had a little subsided, he muttered something about "guessing."—O! (exclaimed a by-stander whom I learned to be Bob Homespun) "O! I guess as how that there man is in a tarnashun angur, becase zum foks can do things better than himself, heed mor neede shake his stick at this here W. C, that calld him plager." Mr. M—— having for some time looked very earnestly on his folio, said to the crowd (which by this time I imagined to be very great) that by involving the square root of the cube of X to the nineteenth power, he had discovered that the circumference of a circle *was not* every where equidistant from its centre: and in proof of it he asserted, that Sir Isaac Newton had written a book on Arithmetic to shew, that the side of a square was *equal* to the *diagonal.* Having ended his speech, he made a flourish with his stick in imitation of Corporal Trim, and away *he* went.

The next that came forward cut a very different figure,—I think they called him *Criticarus.* He was mounted on a little creature with very long ears, and held at arm's length, between his finger and thumb, a bit of paper with some arithmetical numbers on it; but, whether they were added or subtracted, multiplied or divided, it seemed impossible to determine. As he passed by, I heard Bod Homespun tell him, with a sarcastic sneer, "Twood fit you better to go to school, my Jockey, than be vaperin here on that there poor Jack-ass.

Criticarus was no sooner out of the way than W. C. (bringing up the rear) made his approach. He was rigged with a half worn pee jacket, and a pair of blue trowsers of of the same date. He had an old copy of Harry Wilson's Navigation tied on his back with a piece of spun yarn; in one hand he held Gough's Arithmetic, and with the fore finger of the other pointed to the very spot, where Mr. M—— got his question; he took a bit of tar from his sleeve, marked the place, that he might know it again, and put the book into his pocket. He then fell into a train of attitudes and gesticulations, that would have done honor to a Merry-Andrew at St. Bartholomew's fair, thanked Neptune, that he had escaped that cursed voyage to the Moon, declaring, that he would rather transcribe the whole of Harry Wilson's book, and even tell Mr. M—— to his face though he knew it was false, that his question was stolen from *Gough*, than ship on board such a vessel.

The procession having past, Bob Homepun started, and ran full speed 'till he had gotten before the front rank; then leaping on a post and rail fence that seemed to stand by the way side, addressed those candidates for fame to the following purport, though something in a different dialect, "Gentleman I understands as how you are all true bred sons of the great Matthew Matticks, and that the whole family is famed for answering hard questions; now, my daddy has in one field three hog-pens; the distance from the first to the second is 40 yards, from the second to the third 50, and from that to the first 60; the speed with which the hogs of each pen can run is 2, 3, and 4 (they being of different ages): Now, gentlemen, if you will tell him, where to place the swill-trough, so that all the hogs being let out at once may arrive at the trough in the same instant, he will give you a *roast pig, three turkies,* a GOOSE, and *some grog.*" Bob having finished, the whole procession appeared involved in the most profound contemplation—T. D. examined all his baggage, but found nothing to measure the distance—Mr. M. looked over the folio, and shook his head—Criticarus brought his bit of paper nearer his eye, and then let it drop—W. C. took Gough from his pocket and put it up again, he next pulled out a knife, cut the spun-yarn, but not being smart enough, in putting his hand behind his back, down comes Harry in the mud, and W. C.'s foot slipping at the same time, he fell souse along side of his favorite author. At this, Bob and his companions broke silence with such a peal of laughter, that I awoke, and found it all to be a dream.

DICK SNORE.

ON THE TERM YANKEE,

From the M S Extracts of a Citizen of Boston.

THIS is the name given sometimes by way of derision, and at other times only of simple pleasantry to the inhabitants of the four new England states. It is thought by some to be derived from a savage people who formerly occupied this country, the Connecticut river and Massachusetts; the name of *Buckskin* is given in the same manner to the inhabitants of Virginia, because their ancestors were hunters, and sold buck or rather deer skins—for there are no roe-bucks in Virginina.

In a marginal note in hand writing in the same page of Chastelleux Travels, from which I transcribed the above, is the following:—"The appellation of *Yankee*, originated in the town of Salem. Ann

Hastings, who lived there, always used this term to mean *Excellence*; the peculiarity of it was remarked, and became known quite through New-England." Another account says, it is derived from the word *Yankau*, which signified "Conqueror," and was the name of a nation of Indians in New-England, who were never conquered.

[*Bos. W. Mag.*

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following Essay, was, I believe, written during the troubles in Europe, and just after the adjustment of differences between France and America; to which, it will be perceived, it has a reference. It is the production of a gentleman then resident in Princeton. From the attention paid to my former communications, I have been induced to offer it for publication in your Repository.

Your's,

PHILADELPHUS.

IN the progress of different ages, different periods have been distinguished by different characters. Barbaric manners, superstition, and a spirit of intolerance,—the arts of refinement, and discoveries of science,—have, in alternate order, clouded or adorned the characters of ages. But how shall we delineate the features of the present period? Ordinary events have been lost and swallowed up in that chaos of phenomena, of which the tremendous aspect, the rapid succession, the awful and extensive consequences, have transcended the calculations of reason, and beggared the efforts of fancy. Politicians have laid aside their useless methods of reasoning, amidst the present moral and political appearances of the world. This may emphatically be stiled the *Æra of Universal Revolution*. And though dazzled and confounded by the sight of so many wonders, we seem still to be preparing for greater events, now labouring in the womb of time. Europe, convulsed to her centre, has disgorged the lava of revolution upon Asia, Africa and the Indies. The whole horizon of the eastern hemisphere has been overspread with clouds which have grown more black with the progress of the storm.

Happily for us, countrymen, we have as yet perceived these commotions only by the rumbling of the distant thunder. And although the clouds have sometimes rolled in threatening volumes towards our shores, yet the mild policy of our rulers, blessed by the approving smiles of heaven, have dissipated the storm, and driven back the thunder in a dreadful reversion on the regions where it first collected. But while we rejoice in our present situation, let us assiduously seek for the means of preserving our future safety. Rising with rapidity into a great nation, possessed of those natural advantages and moral resources which constitute political importance, we are marked out as the object for the envy and ambition of other nations. Conscious of my rights as a citizen of the community, I feel a patriotic ardour to discover to your view those gulphs which have entombed the happiness and independence of the celebrated republics which have gone before us. For, in the fate of Greece, of Athens, of Sparta, and of Rome, we behold, written in melancholy characters, the more than possible fate of the American people. Call to mind the tendency of the spirit of their national character——Haughty in their independence, and jealous of their rights, they submit with reluctance to those restraints which are necessary for the preservation of general order and national prosperity.

TO A FRIEND DURING THE AUTHOR's DISTRESS.

[*An Ode translated from the Spanish.*]

EVERY thing changes: good succeeds to evil: the dark night replaces the sprightly day, and in the cup of Pleasure cruel Fate presents us with tears.

The tree changes its blossoms into fruits for the Autumn; it braves the icy breath of the northern wind, and the sombre Winter, bringing in his train Dulness and Gloom.

The summit of the verdure-stript mountains pains the eye; the dry leaves flutter in the whirlwind; but April advances adorned in her new clothing.

If the sun, darting from the vault of Heaven its flaming rays, penetrates the bosom of the earth with its genial heat, suddenly a black tempest covers the sky, and deprives us of its consoling light.

What day so uniformly bright as to pass away without clouds? Who, then can flatter himself that he shall be always happy? What mortal has laboured under such constant sorrow as never to have experienced consolation?

Every thing changes. If I lose my fortune to day—if cruel Fate oppresses me—the Muses, in this reverse, do not withhold their treasures.

Oh! Menale, the real goods of life—health, integrity, liberty, and innocence—dwell neither with flattery nor riches.

Would I be Cæsar, would I be a Crœsus, and should I attain my wish, would I then be found more great and happy? No! upon myself alone depends my greatness, or littleness—my happiness or my misery.

No! my friend; no! you shall never be troubled with my feeble complaints. He who rose yesterday, fell to-day; he who rose to-day, may fall to-morrow.

The star of day flies with the night! into other climates, but the morning soon announces his return. A moment of good fortune may exalt a man to that summit of greatness from which he deplores his fall.

Fortune is my enemy to-day; it may be my friend to-morrow; and, as it cannot deprive me of your regard, I despise its frowns:—it shall never overcome me.

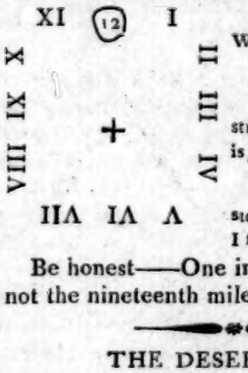
FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

FRIEND HOGAN.

I stepped into a neighbouring house the other day, and the following singular curiosity *struck my eye. I obtained a copy—and should it please thee thou'll give it a place in thy amusing Miscellany.*

OLD CONTI.

SIX Almanacs (they were hanging on the pommel of a chair) for 1803.—But let ——— (the owner) tell, or make known to the gentle reader, that the 4th year of the 19th *Century* is *absolutely commenced*: The *art* of man cannot contradict it, and tell the truth.



Start from O—a Cypher—
Where shall I land?
At One.

The moment my clock strikes XII—Twelve hours is *gone* by

When I am at the 18 mile stone, how many miles am I from Bristol?

Be honest——One inch forward: And is not the nineteenth mile commenced?

THE DESERTED COT.

HOW oft my thoughts revert to thee,
My native Cot;
Never, O never will Henry be
Happy when he dwelt in thee,
Sweet little Cot.

Ah! no—Content could then be found
In thee, dear Cot;
How oft with Julia I've trac'd round
The precincts of thy well known ground,
Paternal Cot!

Julia—thy worth, how far it spread
From our sweet Cot:
Yet, ah!—my Julia's long been dead—
To HIM who gave it, her spirit fled....
DESERTED COT. STREPHON.

PHILADELPHIA,
FEBRUARY 12, 1803.

ON Thursday evening last, in the Presbyterian Church in Market-street, an ORATION on Female Education, was delivered by Mr. *James A. Neal*, Principal of the Young Ladies' Academy in this city, to a very crowded audience. In an address at once impressive and eloquent, the orator portrayed, in the most glowing and animated terms, the importance of the female character, the necessity of a close application, in the season of youth, to those studies which are calculated to make the female a pleasing companion, a useful member of society, and to ensure her own present and future happiness. The unhappiness attendant on habits of indolence, and the dreadful consequences that result from a criminal pursuit of pleasure, falsely so called, were laid open to the very core, and in the most energetic language. In fine, every proper motive was held out by the speaker, to induce the FAIR to enter upon, and pursue with ardor, the path of science, and the acquirement of useful knowledge. The audience evidenced their gratification, by a profound and respectful attention.

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COMMUNICATION.

Mr. HOGAN,

I should be happy to know, through the medium of your Repository, whether the character of *Milcena*, introduced by Mr. Neal in his Oration on Thursday evening last, is an original piece of composition, or only a quotation from some author. As different opinions are entertained respecting this, it would be satisfactory to many of Mr. N.'s friends to ascertain the truth. If Mr. N. would favour the public with the whole of the Oration, it would certainly be a gratification; but should he decline doing this, it is hoped he will at least publish the part referred to, if original. T.W.

☞ A much-admired Song, with Music, which we believe has not been published in Philadelphia, will accompany the next No. of the Repository.

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☞ Complete files of the Second Volume of the Philadelphia Repository, are now ready for sale—Price 3 dollars; or in handsome half binding, 3 dols. 67 cents.

INTELLIGENCE.

—

ON the morning of the 8th inst. between 3 and 4 o'clock, the building occupied by the public incorporated School founded by William Penn, situated near the corner of Fourth and Chesnut Streets, was discovered to be on fire. By the spirited exertions of the citizens, a considerable portion of the edifice was rescued from the devouring element; but the whole contents of the School House, including many valuable books and an Astronomical Apparatus, were entirely consumed.

—

FRESH IN THE SCHUYLKILL.

ABOUT 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday last, the ice in the Schuylkill began to break up, and the Floating Bridge at the end of Market-street was swung, without injury. The flood was the most rapid and dangerous known in that river, since the year 1784—when the highest flood ever remembered occurred. The present flood ran with an unprecedented rapidity, carrying along with it very large trees and other heavy timber, intermixed with immense bodies of ice, which cut in an instant several of the largest piles driven for the gangway to the coffer dam, and rooted others up. The Dam and Pier are however unhurt, and the Bridge Company have sustained but a trifling loss of plank and a few pieces of loose timber.

This tremendous flood has proved the strength of the Piers, and particularly that on the eastern side of the river—which stands in 24 feet water, and was the most distressed by the setting of the current to that side of the river. This Pier (27 feet high from the rock) is unmoved and uninjured in the smallest degree, tho' its upper course is not bolted and has no other security but the weight of its materials and the good workmanship of the masonry. It was assailed with vast bodies of ice and timber. Trees of great thickness were seen broken to pieces, by the resistance of the pier and the pressure of the current. The eastern wharf (40 feet eastward of the pier) is shaken and much deranged. This shews its weakness compared with the stone work of the pier, which, being semi-circular operates as a complete ice-breaker, and wants no auxiliary. An eddy is formed by the shape of the pier; and the dead water assists in its protection.

This sudden and violent fresh, which came on with not more than ten minutes warning, has afforded at the same time, a proof of the excellence of the work of the piers, and an evidence of the necessity of completing the Permanent Bridge. [*Paul. Gaz.*

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HARRISBURGH, (P.) FEB. 7.

On 3d inst. the large, elegant and commodious Brick College, at Carlisle, was entirely consumed by fire. The carpenters, we understand, had almost completed this useful building, and while the workmen were gone to dinner, some of the shavings having taken fire, which got to such a heighth before discovered, as to render all attempts to save the building ineffectual.

[This is the fifth Seminary for the education of youth that has been destroyed by fire within the last twelve months.] — *ib.*

THE English prints state, that a young woman of the name of Carver, house-maid to Capt. R. Pearson, of Greenwich hospital, proves to be the daughter of the late celebrated Capt. Carver, who acquired a vast tract of country in the back settlements of the United States. This hath been faithfully guaranted and preserved by the Indians for his legal representative, who is at length indisputably discovered in the person of this young woman. The land is supposed to be worth 100,000l. sterling. [*Charleston Pap.*

ON the 18th ult. about 10 o'clock, a shock of an Earthquake was felt at *Salem*, Massachusetts,—its duration was short. On Wednesday evening another shock was felt.

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ON the 19th of December, the Old Royal Battery, on the top of Gibralter Rock, on the land side, was struck with lightning—the whole Battery was totally consumed.

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SEA OTTER.

THE following singular occurrence may be depended as a fact, viz.—A few days ago as a gentleman was fishing on Totness river, he perceived an Otter swimming towards him, which when on approaching nearer, he wounded it on the head with a stone, and caused the animal instantly to dive out of sight; but to his no little surprise, within a quarter of an hour it appeared again, attended with three more of the same species, who commenced an attack upon him with undaunted resolution; the gentleman defended himself with great spirit, armed with the spike affixed to his rod: notwithstanding his legs were fortified with a pair of strong water boots, they presently made dreadful havoc, and breaches thro' every part of them; and in the assault so terribly mangled his legs, that he was forced to retreat, leaving the enemy complete masters of the field of battle, with his rod and fishing materials behind, and with difficulty he escaped home, where he no sooner arrived than he fell down and fainted away. [*L. P.*

—

Late accounts from Europe say, that a shock of an Earthquake has been experienced at CONSTANTINOPLE, —Some statements would induce us to believe that the greater part of the city has been destroyed, while others make the shock to have been but slight.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Helmuth, Mr. *Henry Miller*, ship-carpenter, to Miss *Eliza Birely*, both of Kensington.

———, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Magaw, Mr. *Michael Campbell*, to Miss *Mary Kennedy*, both of the kingdom of Ireland.

———, on the 6th inst. at New York, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, *William Keese*, esq. to Miss *Rebecca Linn*.

———, at Washington, (Penn.) Mr. *John Israel*, printer, to Miss *Margaret Reddice*, both of that place.

———, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. *Peter Lambert*, grocer, to the amiable and accomplished Miss *Rachael Ferguson*, both of this city.

—

Deaths.

DIED, on the 28th ult. Mr. *John Phillips*, in the 68th year of his age, for many years a resident in this city.

——, at Paris, on the 18th November, *Theodorus Van Wyck*, of the house of Sebring & Van Wyck, merchants, of New-York. This gentleman left this country by the advice of his physicians, in May last, in the hope that an European voyage might recruit his declining health.

——, lately, Mrs. *Sarah Banks*, the wife of Mr. William Banks, of this city.

*** The editor must again request the indulgence of his correspondents—Several communications have been received, but a crowded page prevents any remarks.

☞ *The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository, are respectfully informed, that their 28th payment of 25 Cents, will be collected by the Carriers, on Saturday next.*

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Communicated by ALEXIS.

TO PRUDENCE.

PRUDENCE, instruct my heart to know
From whence thy great abuses flow,
Which make mankind for ever teach,
And to the Fair thy precepts preach.

Inform me, is the province thine,
In the connubial band to join
The bosom blest with glowing fire
To apathy, or dull desire?

Or, is it thine to bind the soul,
That never felt Love's soft controul,
With one that melts with tenderness,
By nature form'd for gentle bliss?

Or, dost thou prompt the wishing mind
An object great in wealth to find;
To roll in affluence and ease,
Studious each appetite to please?

And do they set thee forth most clear
Who wed *ten thousand pounds a year;*
Which, as the sordid world opine,
Contain all qualities divine?

No, thou supreme directress; she
Who thus inspires, so unlike thee,
Impostor vile, assumes thy face,
And robs thee of thy worth and praise.

This is the guide that leads the world,
By passion blind, in errors whirl'd;
All else excites contemptuous laugh—
And e'en Religion's self their scoff.

Tell such, that Virtue only gives
The solid joys that Man receives;
They'll hear, perhaps, and pleasure gain—
But soon they snatch their *golden chain.*

Tell them that mortal life is short,
Its end will terminate their sport;
They hear, a pall'd—but soon again
They snatch and hug their *golden chain.*

Tell them, *to kindred souls alone*
All the blest sweets of Love are known;
They smile in scorn—and faster hold
Their source of bliss, their *chain of gold.*

But when, at length, by it they're tied
To some old, wrinkled, sallow bride;
The veil of sense is drawn away,
And all things plain before them lay.

How do they now that folly curse,
Which told them happiness was *purse!*
They see the virtues all combine,
Like marriage-blessings half divine.

As all now true and fair appears,
Prudence another raiment wears;
In her own native beauty glows,
Guardian of Pleasure and repose:

And now, with reason, they confess,
That Virtue has more real bliss
Than all the baits which sense displays
To lure us from Religion's ways—

All pleasure else is but a dream,
Its current is a muddy stream;
That *those alone are blest'd who join*
In Virtue and in Love divine.

Thus, PRUDENCE, rightly understood,
Thou art to Man the source of good;
The star that points, nor points amiss,
To mutual love, and joy, and bliss. T.

THE JAY AND THE DOVE.

A FABLE.

A JAY-BIRD once, the vainest thing
That ever rose on downy wing,
From a tall poplar's topmost bough,
Look'd proudly down on all below:
He heard the mocking-bird's sweet lay,
The robin hail the op'ning day,
The thrush, sweet warbler, tune her voice,
Till Echo bade the hills rejoice,
And, self-conceited, thought his throat
Could thrill the soft mellifluous note;
Convinc'd the praise of all he'd gain
For warbling music's softest strain.
What theme to sing he thought of long,
All were so worthy of his song:
Ten thousand lay before his eyes—
The faithless main, the azure skies,
The rocky ridge, the flow'ry green,
Or purling brook that winds between;
The fragrant mead, or tow'ring hill,—
For all, so equal was his skill.
While thus he sat in wav'ring state,
Now pleas'd with this, with that elate,
Near to him perch'd a youthful dove,
Fit for the messenger of love:
Her tap'ring wing and piercing eye,
Where love, enthron'd in modesty,
With beauty held an equal reign,
And Cupid's dance'd,—a smiling train:
Transfix'd the jay, he felt Love's smart,
For still, tho' vain, he had a heart.
This be my theme, said he, I'll sing,
Describe her shape, her air, her wing,
Her actions view, keen criticize,
To shew the wood I'm wondrous wise:
She'll praise my voice, my taste, and art;
And own me worthy of her heart.
Then, flutt'ring, chatter'd harshly loud—
"Madam, indeed I'm monstrous proud
"Such charming excellence to see,
"Perch'd near me on my fav'rite tree.
"O dear! how neat your beak, feet, feather!
"And, then, to take you altogether,
"I (pardon me) am bold to say,
"You seem much plumper than a Jay.
"Healthful must be the seeds you eat,
"That make your shape so killing sweet,
"And May's nectarious dews, I think,
"Have been thy much-improving drink;
"For all *our kind*, with one accord,
"Declare thee a most charming bird:
"But still, my pretty dove, beware,
"Vice spreads for you her guileful snare.
"You hold your head an inch too high,
"Oft look with a disdainful eye;
"And then, tho' I declare't with pain,
"Indeed, my dear, you're somewhat vain.
"You must assuredly confess,
"No need's for all this care in dress;
"Dress which to cautious sober birds
"Proofs of depravity affords.
"What use in all this toil and care,
"To lay each shining feather fair?
"What need for all this great ado,
"And bathing in the morning dew?
"And all thy care in pecking smooth,
"In which you waste the bloom of youth?
"The season, which you should improve,
"To make you worthy of our love.
"'Tis also said you use much oil—
"The very thought incites a smile—
"Oil feathers!! sure it cannot be
"You're so far gone in vanity.
"Be warn'd, fly from such trifling arts,
"And shew thyself a bird of parts.
"Like me attend t'improve thy mind,
"And be not to instruction blind:
"For tho' no wing that cuts the air
"Can for a shape with thine compare,
"Yet if thou still must have thy way,
"You can't be consort for a Jay."

The chatt'rer ceas'd,—The dove replied,
Resolv'd to mortify his pride—
"When vain pretenders rise to blame,
"Usurping hoary wisdom's name,
"Truth suffers, Patience blushes high,
"And honest Temp'rance heaves a sigh.
"Unskill'd to judge, they beauties blame,
"And all utilities mis-name;
"By outward view things only try,
"And skim the surface as they fly.
"My friends are doves, with them I love
"To view the hill, the tufted grove,
"The purling rill, the grassy field,
"And cull the sweets fair gardens yield:
"Instructed by their warning voice,
"I shun the paths that lead to vice—
"Yes, now dame Wisdom chides my stay,
"In parley with a witless Jay.
"But one word more,—I know my mind
"To imperfection's closely join'd;
"Yet still I joy to see together,
"In nuptial tie, birds of a feather:
"With a true dove I'll hail the day—
"Go thou, and woo some trifling Jay,
"Careless of dress, for use or shew,
"A belle just fashion'd like her beau:
"Improve her shape, her air, her mind,
"Till she be, as thyself, refin'd;
"Then ev'ry bird that flits through air,
"Shall know, and mark the charming pair;
"In tuneful chirpings archly say,
"There flies the dove-reforming Jay"....

So said, she rose on airy wing,
And left the self-conceited thing. X. W. T.